predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an enforſt obedience of planitary influence, and all that wee are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on, an admirable euaſion of whoremaſter man, to lay his gotiſh diſpoſition to the charge of Starres: my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my natiuitie was vnder *Vrſa maior*, ſo that it followes, I am rough and lecherous, Fut, I ſhould haue beene that I am, had the maidenleſt ſtarre of the Firmament twinckled on my baſtardy
ar *Edgar*; and out hee comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a ſith like them of Bedlam; O theſe eclipſes doe portend theſe diuiſions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe about that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writ of, ſucceed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalneſſe betweene the child and the parent, death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient amities, diuiſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt King and nobles, needles diffidences, baniſhment of friēds, diſſipation of Cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you beene a ſectary Aſtronomicall?

Baſt. Come, come, when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why, the night gon by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. Two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good tearmes? found you no diſpleaſure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethinke your ſelfe wherein you may haue offended him, and at my intreatie, forbeare his preſence, till ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchiefe, of your perſon it would ſcarce allay.

Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

Baſt. Thats my feare brother, I aduiſe you to the beſt, goe arm'd, I am no honeſt man if there bee any good meaning towards

wards you, I haue told you what I haue ſeene & heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it, pray you away?

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Baſt. I doe ſerue you in this buſines: *Exit Edgar*

A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none, on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practiſes ride eaſie, I ſee the buſines,
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Enter Gonorill and Gentleman.

Gon. Did my Father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Euery houre he flaſhes into one groſſe crime or other
That ſets vs all at ods, ile not indure it,
His Knights grow ryotous, and him ſelfe obrayds vs,
On euery trifell when he returnes from hunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke,
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall doe well, the fault of it ile anſwere.

Gent. Hee's coming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what wearie negligence you pleaſe, you and your fellow ſeruants, i'de haue it come in queſtion, if he diſlike it, let him to our ſiſter, whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one, not to be ouerruld; idle old man that ſtill would manage thoſe authorities that hee hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles are babes again, & muſt be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when they are ſeene abuſd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder looks among you, what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, I would breed from hence occaſions, and I ſhall, that I may ſpeake, ile write ſtraight to my ſiſter to hould my very courſe, goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my ſpeech

 defuſe,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[5]) Octavo